

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



A QUIET TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Mr. Sinclair left the cottage Mona put everything in its proper place. She then sat down and examined the remains of her bonnet, which was little better than a rumpled *chiffon*, and too wet to put upon her head. Finding its restoration impossible, she laid it down with a sigh. Some outlay would be necessary, and her mother would be dis-

pleased. A black silk cottager's bonnet of a form that must have dated generations back hung temptingly on a nail against the wall, she took it down and was trying it on when the door opened to admit Mr. Sinclair.

"A perfect Quakeress!" he exclaimed; "wear it by all means."

"And put it down in the list of things appropriated?" said Mona.

"Yes, that or anything you think proper. Now,

Miss Moreton, I want to have some conversation with you before we part," observed Mr. Sinclair, passing from the gay to the grave. Mona took the chair he offered and he placed one near for himself. "And I take advantage of an opportunity that may never occur again. As you probably know, I am too much in Mrs. Moreton's black books to venture to present myself in her cottage, an injustice I regret, feeling that your father's family has a claim upon me. Our acquaintance was short, but long enough to go to the core of each other's hearts, for circumstances sometimes intensify more than time. Using the privilege which a man of his age may exercise towards a younger, he faithfully called in question the soundness of my theological views. I had been brought up to value what may best be expressed by the word 'externalism,' that is, I was disposed to give an exaggerated attention to the trappings and framework of religion. I differed from him at the time. You may remember how soon I was called upon to put our respective opinions to the test. In that terrible hour when, without warning and with my faculties yet vigorous, I thought a speedy death inevitable and earthly interests for ever closed, I had no doubt of the hollowness of my faith nor of the value of his. What I had judged to be of primary importance faded into comparative insignificance. My sole dependence at that moment was in that one truth that your father had so strongly urged upon me as all-important to minister and people, and to every congregation, gentle or simple. And only as that grew clearer and my mind clung to it was I able to gather calmness and hope. But I did not mean to speak so seriously, only to let you perceive that I am Mr. Moreton's debtor."

"Was it not very terrible to find yourself buried alive as it were?" asked Mona, listening almost breathlessly.

"It was," he answered, solemnly. "So awful, that though I never wish to forget it, I have no desire to talk further about it."

Resting his elbow on the table, he passed his hand over his brow, shading his eyes as if the scene were even yet too vivid, and a silence ensued which Mona did not care to break. The only sound in the now dingy room was from the falling of the red embers which, though fading fast, gave more light than the poor little candle flickering near.

"But it was not of myself I meant to speak," he said, rousing himself, "or only so far as to obtain your indulgence if I touched upon what more especially concerned you. I am pretty well acquainted with the affairs of my parishioners, so far as a pastor may be who indulges no idle curiosity, and who only desires to be of use to them according as they require his services. Although I cannot intrude upon Mrs. Moreton without permission, you are none of you forgotten. Dr. Clarke often talks to me about you in particular, and from him I hear how undesirable he thinks your present occupation. This walking to and from the farm in all weathers, of which you have had this evening such disagreeable experience, is likely to be hurtful."

"I cannot help it," answered Mona in a low tone, half afraid that his pastoral care was about to touch the recent painful episode in her life, and shrinking like a snail into its shell.

"Mrs. Moreton once mentioned to me her wish to find you a permanent engagement in some family," he went on; "would not that be better for you?"

It would, and Mona knew it, yet the suggestion brought a keen pang to her heart, irrespective of the fact that this was part of the scheme by which her mother had proposed to continue her own residence at the Rectory.

"It might be better," replied Mona, slowly, and apparently doubtfully.

"Assuredly it would be better for you, better for your health, and better for you in many ways. Dr. Clarke thinks so," he repeated.

Dr. Clarke's name again. Evidently the doctor and the rector talked the family over together, and perhaps—yes, Mona divined at once that Dr. Clarke was only Mr. Sinclair's agent in procuring many of the useful gifts that during her illness had found their way to the cottage. So much generosity in a poor man, his savage repudiation of thanks, coupled with his fierce threats to punish them if they asked questions, confirmed this new idea. But she said nothing, she was too delicate to force an incognito that Mr. Sinclair for obvious reasons might wish to keep. The growing obscurity concealed the pain she felt at the recollection of her mother's injustice to their real benefactor.

"Then if I hear of any lady wishing for a governess for her children, may I mention you?"

"Thank you," replied Mona, coldly, yet vexed with herself for being unable to throw any warmth into her voice. Though Hillesden, since her father was taken away, had brought her only painful experiences, she had no wish to leave it.

A sound of carriage wheels prevented all further conversation, as Martha Horwood immediately made her appearance, bringing a large shawl which the coachman had entrusted to her.

"Jeannet's best," observed Mona, wrapping it round her.

"And now for the Quakeress's bonnet," said Mr. Sinclair, with an amused smile.

But Mona thought they had made sufficient depredations upon Mrs. Horwood's property, and after seeing the basket of wood placed in the kitchen and telling Martha that she would call the following morning to fetch the things left behind, she was ready to go.

It was not raining when they left the cottage, but it was so cold and damp that she felt the full comfort of going home in the brougham instead of walking. They passed here and there a labourer sauntering along the road, who mechanically touched his hat to the carriage, and Mona rather enjoyed the drive; but when they reached the populous part of the village, where women and children were about, she instinctively sat as far back as she could. It was no novelty for Mr. Sinclair's brougham to be passing at all hours, but she felt strange and out of place at his side.

The rumbling of wheels up to the door did not make any sensation at home. They supposed it to be Mona returning in Mr. Gorts's pony-chaise on account of the storm. Nor did Nita, who admitted her, recognise Mr. Sinclair until he spoke.

"Your sister has been caught in the storm and well drenched. Take care of her. I hope she will not be the worse for it to-morrow. Good night, Miss Nita—good night," he said in a softer key, giving Mona his hand when she was inside the doorway. "My compliments to Mrs. Moreton," he added, as he turned back to go to the carriage.

"Was that Mr. Sinclair's voice?" asked Mrs.

Moreton, coming forward, forgetful of her dignity and past resentment in the craving for something to break the dull monotony of a long December evening. "Well, I think, indeed, he might have paid me the compliment to come in, if only for five minutes. Why Mona, child, where have you been all this while, and how came Mr. Sinclair to bring you home?"

As Mona gave the outline of her adventures, describing the storm, the tea-drinking, and the home-coming, Mrs. Moreton listened with more interest than she usually gave to what concerned her eldest daughter, and unconsciously gratified her by the repetition of the testy remark, "I think Mr. Sinclair might have paid me the compliment to come in, if only for five minutes."

Before Mr. Sinclair's new delinquency faded from her mind, Edward came home and threw a little animation into their quiet life. Possessing one of those sanguine temperaments that foresee no obstacles to their wishes, he had resigned his situation at Corneford in the hope of soon procuring a better. Mona's conduct came of course under discussion in the family conclave; Edward took the same view as his mother, and thought she had been foolish to throw away so good a chance, but as his own prospects were sure to brighten shortly he managed to forgive her, at least so far as to admit that it was her own affair.

"What would be the best time to call upon Mr. Sinclair?" he asked of Mona the morning after his arrival. "On business, I mean."

"Business!" she echoed, and so did the others in different keys of surprise. Mona's had in it a certain ring of alarm. She knew that her brother had once called upon Mr. Sinclair when at Hillesden for a couple of hours, and that the latter had returned the call at Corneford, but they had not met, both parties happening to be out; and therefore this proposed interview upon business was altogether unexpected.

"Yes, I wrote to him as one who naturally felt some interest in the family of his predecessor, and asked him if he would kindly assist me in finding a situation more suited to my tastes and abilities than that at Corneford. He must know a great many people. I ought to have a good stipend, which after a time may enable me to finish my terms and take my degree."

"But you did not say that!" remarked Mona.

"Certainly I did. How can a man serve you thoroughly unless he knows what you want?"

"When did you write?" she asked, as soon as Mrs. Moreton had finished praising her son's sagacity.

"Nearly a week ago. On Wednesday or Thursday, I forget which; but I told him that I was coming home, and would call upon him to-day. Well, Mona, what is the matter? You look as if I had done something extraordinary. Ah! I forgot, Mr. Sinclair in your eyes is a personage to be revered, not a man on a level with his fellow-creatures. I don't understand the distinction. If he is a good man he will be glad to help me, and if he is not willing to help a fellow when he can, he is not good, and I for one shall not care about him. Shall I go about eleven?" he asked, satisfied with his line of argument, though it ran in the smallest possible circle.

"Half-past ten would be better. Your father used to be shut up in his study, hard at work, by eleven," remarked Mrs. Moreton.

"At ten if you like; the sooner the better," replied Edward, taking up his hat as he glanced at the clock. "I have just half-an-hour to saunter to the Rectory."

Mona stopped him at the door, saying, "Try and remember whether it was Wednesday or Thursday that you wrote to Mr. Sinclair."

"I don't know; I am not sure. Well, say it was Wednesday; it is all the same."

It was not, however, all the same to Mona. If Edward had written on Wednesday, Mr. Sinclair must have already received his letter when they met at the cottage; and his not mentioning the circumstance did not argue in favour of Edward. Fond as she was of her brother, her quick perception occasionally detected something that jarred her; little defects for which a stranger could not be expected to make allowance. She did not call them by any hard names; yet she was well aware that his new position in life, that of exercising an independent will, was telling unfavourably upon him. Were it Thursday there was yet the ordeal of a first meeting to go through. What impression was he likely to make? She was tempted to run after him, and beseech him to be gentle—she meant humble—in his manner, and guarded in what he said of himself, but restrained the impulse, sense and observation both teaching her that young brothers are apt to be particularly intolerant of advice from a sister. Had she known that Mr. Sinclair was disposed to further Edward's views, and enable him to complete his terms at the University, she would have run the risk of offending him for the sake of the possible advantage.

"Mr. Sinclair must be pleased with my handsome boy," observed Mrs. Moreton, as she sat trifling with some woollen crochet, while Mona and Nita were engaged in more homely work.

"Of course, mamma," said Nita, after the observation had been made the second time.

"You say nothing, Mona," continued Mrs. Moreton in a querulous tone. "You are growing quite disagreeable, always in opposition to your family."

"I am not in opposition," she replied, meekly. "I hope it most sincerely."

"Hope it! Is that all you can say? I should have a very poor opinion of Mr. Sinclair's discrimination if he were not pleased with him."

By the clock it was now eleven. Favourable or unfavourable, the first impression had been made.

TWO CITY SCHOOLMASTERS.

DR. MORTIMER AND DR. KYNASTON.

WITHIN little more than a stone's-throw of each other, the one in Milk Street, Cheapside, the other in St. Paul's Churchyard, stand two of London's most important schools. Their origin and history have been very different. One took its rise from the development, in quite modern times, of an ancient bequest of John Carpenter, Town Clerk and Member of Parliament for the City, who died about 1442, one of the most liberal and enlightened men of his age. The other was founded, some three-quarters of a century after Carpenter's day, by John Colet, the great Dean of St. Paul's. The course of the one has

thus resembled that of a slender stream, long scarce noticed, but suddenly widening out into a broad estuary; the course of the other has been like that of an ample river, running with even flow from its very birth.

In one respect their fortunes are alike. Following the example of Charterhouse and Merchant Taylors', both are on the eve of a removal from their present site. The City of London School, with its six hundred and fifty boys, has long been too closely pent-up in Milk Street. And though that street is in some degree classic ground—for it was there that old Judge More lived, and there his famous son was born, "the brightest star," in Fuller's language, "that ever rose in that Milky Way"—still it is in the highest degree desirable that the great school should move to roomier quarters, whether on the Thames Embankment or elsewhere. To sever Dean Colet's ancient school from the neighbouring Cathedral, and break the associations of more than three centuries and a half, will cost a sharper pang. But the steady increase of numbers in this case also has left no choice, and a new site in West Kensington has been definitely fixed upon.

It is not, however, of the schools themselves that we are proposing now to speak, but of two late masters of them. Last year witnessed the death of Dr. Kynaston, for nearly forty years High Master of St. Paul's. And though that of Dr. Mortimer, the Head Master of the neighbouring school, preceded it by some seven years, his memory is still so fresh in the minds of all who knew him, that the one event seems almost as recent as the other, and no incongruity will be felt in thus joining them together.

George Ferris Whidborne Mortimer (to speak of him first) was a native of Devonshire, and was born July 22nd, 1805. He was educated at Exeter School, entering about the time when Sir Vicary Gibbs, one of its old scholars, had reached the summit of his fame in being made Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas. The Head Master of Exeter School in those days, old Dr. Lemprière, was a man who has become more widely known than most schoolmasters, through his once popular "Classical Dictionary." Proceeding thence to Queen's College, Oxford, young Mortimer gained a Michel scholarship, and in due time a first class in the final Classical School. In the list for Michaelmas Term, 1826, his name appears as one of four, who alone formed the first class in *literis humanioribus* on that occasion. The other three were all Christ Church men, one being the present Archdeacon of Taunton, and another the late Earl Mansvers, at that time Viscount Newark. Samuel Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Winchester, was in the second class in the same list. After graduating B.A. in 1826, and M.A. in 1829, Mr. Mortimer became actively engaged in tuition, never holding any preferment in the Church, though he had been ordained. His heart was from the first in the work of a schoolmaster. He was successively in charge of the Newcastle Grammar School, and the Western Proprietary School, then newly established at Brompton, and in 1840 began his great and lasting work at the City of London School.

Though but recently established, the school was not then in a very flourishing condition. It had opened, in the year 1837, with four hundred boys, and with every prospect of brilliant success for the future. From causes which need not here be dwelt upon, its prospects had become overshadowed. But

from the moment of Dr. Mortimer's accession—we give him the familiar title of "doctor," which his University bestowed in 1841—things began swiftly and steadily to mend. There was in him such a power of "ministration," such a faculty of making the machine do its work as with the healthy pulsation of a living being, such a firm yet gentle hand, that the school of six hundred boys seemed as if it might almost have been left, at any emergency, to govern itself.

The City of London School had this peculiar difficulty to contend with: that whilst the religious instruction given in it was bound to be in accordance with the principles of the English Church, it was meant to include, and did from the first include, no small sprinkling of boys whose parents were not members of that Church. Through the tact, and still more through the genuine Christian charity, of Dr. Mortimer, this difficulty was made to vanish into the merest shadow. He ever sought to have the boys "bred up," in the words of a benefactor to his old school at Exeter, "in a free, generous, English spirit." Himself trained up in the old school of Oxford classics, he never desired that other studies should be dwarfed under the shadow of that one branch of learning. Woolwich and South Kensington can testify to the results of this wise liberality.

Few masters ever thought more about their pupils when absent. Not seldom the doctor would appear at the door of some of his old scholars at Oxford or Cambridge, where a gentle stimulus was thought needful; and only afterwards, perhaps, the now successful student would begin to suspect that in the course of that seemingly chance visit some efficacious medicine had been administered. The news of any fresh success at the Universities—and latterly this came pretty often—delighted him as much as the veriest schoolboy. No one who saw it will ever forget the radiant face with which he entered each classroom in succession in the spring of 1861, with the crowning intelligence, "Aldis, senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman;" and then shortly afterwards, "Abbott, senior classic and first Chancellor's medallist." At Michaelmas, 1865, he retired from his post, after a quarter of a century's laborious and successful work. The previous year he had been presented to a prebend—a purely honorary one—in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had stayed at his post too long. Energetic as ever, he would not allow failing health to impede his many useful labours, till his strength entirely forsook him. He died, of gradual wasting of the brain, at Rose Hill, Hampton, on September 7th, 1871: he had gone there for a temporary sojourn; he found there his final resting-place. He was laid in Hampton Churchyard on the following Wednesday, a large concourse of sorrowing friends and scholars, and of past and present masters, standing round the grave. He left no published works, nor did he need to leave any; his works are the living minds impressed for ever with his teaching. And as these recall his firm yet gentle guidance, his wise instruction, and the cheerful look that could make even the sombre classroom brighter, they will seem to read his epitaph in the tender words of the Psalmist, "So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

Herbert Kynaston was in many respects a contrast to Dr. Mortimer. For a schoolmaster, he possessed some rare natural advantages: a commanding pre-

sence, a genial manner, and, above all, something paternal in his way of dealing with boys, endeared him to them from the first moment. It was this last feature in his teaching that impressed the French Commissioners, MM. Demogeot and Montucci, who visited the English public schools in 1866 as a deputation from the *lycées* of France. They speak in their printed report of the "enseignement *paternel* et sans prétention" of the High Master of St. Paul's; adding that, "while listening to Dr. Kynaston, they could fancy themselves at the Sorbonne, with Boissonnade or M. Egger." But it is as a poet, in our opinion, that Dr. Kynaston will be chiefly remembered. Even his scholars—and he turned out many distinguished ones—would probably be ready to own that the benefit they derived was not so much from any systematic training as from the fruitful contact with an ever-prolific mind, a mind essentially *poetic*—that is, creative. They were made conscious of mental processes ever going on, as one is said to *hear* the growth of tropical vegetation. It was the admission to watch this shaping of thoughts on the anvil, this moulding of images under the master's hand, that enabled the scholar at length to catch something of his skill. Naturally, to a mind thus constituted, some of the humbler virtues of a schoolmaster's calling could only be distasteful.

Herbert Kynaston was born at Warwick, in 1809. His father's family, a branch of the Kynastons of Cultra, county Down, had been settled for some time at Hardwick, in Shropshire. His mother was a daughter of Sir Charles Oakeley, formerly Governor of Madras. After being educated at Westminster School, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, then at the height of its reputation. His University career was a brilliant one. In the Class List for Easter Term, 1831, his name appears as one of seven forming the first class in classics. Among his contemporaries in the same college was Mr. Gladstone, who gained his first class in Michaelmas Term of the same year. For a while he held the posts of Tutor and Philological Lecturer at Christ Church, and among his pupils in that capacity he numbered Mr. Ruskin. In 1834 he was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford to the curacy of Culham; and his "Miscellaneous Poems," published in 1841, preserve many reminiscences of his life as a country curate. A gipsy's funeral, attended by the whole camp, was one of the incidents recorded, and to the young poet a very suggestive one:—

"Methinks their wayward wanderings might have shown
We seek a country: this is not our own."

On the retirement of Dr. Sleath, in 1838, from the High Mastership of St. Paul's School, Mr. Kynaston—he did not take his Doctor's degree till 1849—was elected to succeed him, and thus exchanged a country life for one in the very heart of the City. But to the last he retained his fondness for rural scenes and occupations, and especially for the "poet's pastime," fishing. His life at St. Paul's, till his retirement at Christmas, 1876, was a quiet and uneventful one. The school, under Dr. Sleath, had changed greatly from what it used to be, as depicted in the amusing account given in the "Leisure Hour" (1860, p. 618), under the title of "Sorrows of Old Schoolboys." Dr. Kynaston's high character and scholarship contributed not a little to sustain the reputation in which St. Paul's now stands. Excepting the City living of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, to which he was presented

by the Lord Chancellor in 1850, and a prebendal stall in the Cathedral soon afterwards, he held no Church preferment. The circumstances of his presentation to St. Nicholas's were honourable to both sides. For Lord Truro, the Lord Chancellor at that time, was an old Pauline, and he expressly declared that he made this bestowal of the living, the first which had fallen to his gift, "out of respect to the memory of Dean Colet," the founder of his school. Beyond an unsuccessful contest for the professorship of poetry at Oxford, in June, 1867, in which he was beaten by Sir Francis Doyle, there was little to diversify his course of life until his retirement from the work of teaching. His own proper world, his own sphere of activity, lay within. In the preface to his "Miscellaneous Poems" he had openly avowed his preference of lyric poetry to dramatic, of the subjective to the objective, of the expression of feeling to the representation of action: and this intellectual preference seemed to modify his life. His life itself was in fact a lyrical monologue. Those who were privileged to be in close association with him could not fail to be struck with the quiet beauty, often the subtle humour, of his discourse. In perception of delicate analogies, of verbal harmonies and discords, he was not excelled by Charles Lamb. When he chose to give free play to his fancy, as in some of his occasional verses, or in his amusing letter to the "Times," on the "Paulo-post-futurum," he could rival Hood himself. Indeed, between Kynaston and Thomas Hood, especially Hood in his more pensive moods, there were many points of resemblance. In his earlier English poems, his acknowledged master was Wordsworth, whom he loved to place far above the school of Byron. And at times he has descriptive touches that nearly approach the master's hand. Witness the beautiful couplet with which he ends a description of the cataracts of the Nile, in Scipio's famous dream, overpowering by the very immensity of their noise the senses of those who regard them:—

"Until the roar which might the soul appal
Shows as a pictured stream—a voiceless waterfall."

The strongly subjective bent of his mind tended, as was natural, to produce an occasional obscurity in his poems. This is especially noticeable in the hymns composed for use in his City church. But it is the depth, not the turbidness, of the water that in this case makes it less translucent. The lines,

"Now the skies outshining
Deepen all their blue,
Show the sea reclining
Underneath the dew,"

would not perhaps be very intelligible to a City congregation. But they, and others, can appreciate, when it is pointed out to them, the beauty of the reference to Deut. xxxiii. 13: "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath." Few indeed have surpassed Dr. Kynaston for fertility of resource in quotation. The yearly recitations in school, when some fresh ode in praise of the founder, or on some kindred topic, always appeared from his pen, must have taxed these resources not a little. Yet the spring never runs dry. On his favourite subject of the number of the fishes (St. John xxi. 11), above all, his happiness and fertility of illustration seemed unbounded. Perhaps nothing that he has

written will be longer remembered than the lay recited at the "Apposition" in 1855, with its stirring verses:—

"Though Colet's bust be turned to dust, his sepulchre to gloom,
His glory Time shall epitaph, the World shall be his tomb."

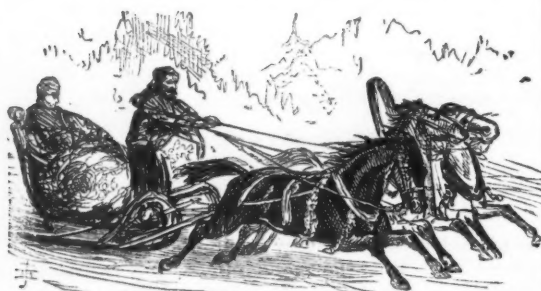
This stanza, with its double rhyme, was his favourite metre, though he showed his mastery over almost every kind, both in English and Greek and Latin. Of his Latin hymns, a long series appeared in the "Guardian," and he was occupied in the same task to the very hour of his death. Space will not allow us to give more than the briefest specimen here, a version of "Therefore with Angels," etc.:

"Ergo cum supernis quisque,
Angelis, Archangelisque,
Concinentes, caeterisque
Caelitum ordinibus,

Gloriosum collaudamus
Nomen, et magnificamus,
Sancto ter, Deus, vocamus,
Imperans agminibus."

Death came upon him, his pen thus occupied till the last, on Saturday, October 26th, 1877. He had gradually sunk under the effects of a severe operation a few days before. He was buried at Friern Barnet on the 2nd of November following, and thus rests, like his companion in this memoir, in a country churchyard. We have not attempted to give any list of the distinguished pupils of either of them. The list would be a long one, and selection would seem invidious. But we are sure that there are many, both here and in distant lands, who will thank us for preserving even these few reminiscences of two such masters as Dr. Mortimer and Dr. Kynaston.

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.



"SAV SEM."

II.—FROM KAZAN TO TOBOLSK, AND TOMSK.

ON August 22nd we left the country of the Tartars, and were again in the midst of Russians. Soon we approached a tribe called Wotiakes, of Finnish origin, a meek and inoffensive race, laborious cultivators of the soil, addicted to the chase, and the rearing of bees, and making all sorts of wooden domestic requisites. They keep aloof from the Russians, and do not speak their language. Many have adopted Christianity, but the rest have remained

heathen, and pay strict devotion to their religious customs. Their supreme deity is called Jumar or Ilmar. The sun is supposed to be his dwelling-place. Amongst their evil spirits Shaitan holds the first rank; the water is his dominion.

We arrived at Perm on the evening of the 25th. We found that directly we got into the carriage the jänstschik set off his horses in a gallop, which lasted until our arrival at the next station (twenty-five to thirty versts). When the country was level and the horses good, he urged them on with the whip and with sharp cries. To witness this speed for the first time one would suppose that the animals had run away, and one does not easily become accustomed to so rapid a pace. It never, however, enters the head of a Russian horse to run away. Forced always to speed on, with the whip over his back, we travelled from 100 to 116 versts from seven o'clock a.m. to five p.m., and the horses were still so lively that it required half-a-dozen peasants to manage them. When the driver perceived that the travellers were ready, he cried out, "Sav sem" (All in order); the peasants holding the horses let go the reins, and off they set like wild creatures. You travel the country with ease, and, when you have a Minister's letter to show, I venture to affirm that there is no country in which one can travel so fast and be so little molested as in Russia.

On the 28th we left Perm in the afternoon, and towards evening arrived at one of the stations constructed by the State, where we found a comfortable resting-place and good refreshment. The next day we discerned mountains, the first we had seen in Russia, a sign that we were approaching the Oural chain, and on the 31st we took our last drive in Europe. After a distance of ten versts we found ourselves on the plain which forms the frontier of Asia—an event which we celebrated in some bumpers of Astrakan champagne; and in the evening we arrived at Ekaterinenbourg.

The 4th September we quitted Ekaterinenbourg to visit the establishments for washing gold, silver, and platina, and to see all the savodi (industrial places) found on the east side of the Oural mountains. The directors of the savodi and their workpeople inhabit an immense forest. The inspector of a private savodi, a serf with a long beard, dressed like a Russian peasant, receives a large sum annually to defray the expense of receiving travellers. Every traveller alights without ceremony in the savod, announces himself to the inspector, who receives him courteously; he states his rank, and is waited upon accordingly; several servants bring him tea, or liqueurs, Madeira, caviare, tongue, a kind of Siberian rekling, with white bread, and all that he requires. Two hours after, an excellent dinner is ready, with four or five wines of the first quality, and coffee. He makes himself at home, asking for what he wants, and is immediately served. He remains several days if it suits him, and asks for conveyances and horses, whenever it may be his good pleasure to continue his route. In the imperial savodi you address yourself to the inspector of mines (Natschalnik), who furnishes you with lodging, attends to your daily requirements, gives you two Cossacks for servants, carriages, and horses to make excursions, invites strangers to dinner daily, accompanies them to the mines, etc. We passed the first night at Neviansk, an iron manufactory belonging to the rich Jakowloff, of St. Petersburg. The edifice resembled an old seigneurial country-house; it

dated from the time of Peter the Great. Jakowloff allows 5,000 roubles annually to his inspector for the reception of travellers, but he is bound to render him an account of the money thus spent.

In the afternoon our party, occupying four carriages, went to Nijni Tagilsk, a savod belonging to Demidoff. Here enormous masses of iron and copper are rolled into thin plates and bars, and a large quantity of gold, and platina is also collected. The annual produce is calculated at seven million roubles. We inspected the mines of iron and copper, and everywhere we were cordially received; not, however, with the same magnificence as at Neviansk.

On the 7th September we arrived late in the evening at the imperial savod of Kuschva. Our lodging was assigned us by the prefect of police, who the next day came to offer his services, as also did the inspector.

On the morning of the 9th September we went to see an iron mountain (Blagodot), where Kupffer wished to make magnetic experiments. This country was formerly inhabited by the Vogules, a tribe whose language resembles both the Finnish and the Hungarian. In ancient times a Vogule named Stepan Tschumpin, went to Ekaterinenbourg (where even then there existed an administration of mines) and related that there was a large mountain of pure iron at Kuschva; the soil was examined, ferruginous substances were found; and gradually the Vogules were dispossessed, and chased away to the north. To revenge themselves on Tschumpin the Vogules lit a pile of faggots on the highest point of Blagodot, and there, by the soft light of the moon, they burned him alive! The Russians erected a chapel to the memory of this martyr, on the summit of this isolated mountain.

On the 10th the Government horses conveyed us to Nijni Turinsk, an imperial establishment for the washing of platina, but it happened to be a saint's day, and we saw nothing. The morning of the 11th we arrived at the small town of Verchoturïe, near the River Tura, one of the most ancient towns of Siberia. The next day, still proceeding in a northerly direction, we went to see the gold-washing, and the platina of Pitalevskoië, and afterwards visited the imperial savod of Bogoslavskoië. The latitude of this last place, according to my observation, is $59^{\circ} 44' 55''$. All civilisation ends there. Farther to the north, one can only penetrate on horseback, for there are no longer any roads. On the 15th we visited the mine of Turinski Ruduski, twelve versts farther to the north. We descended with the inspector and several workmen into a profound mine, from which we came out the colour of soot.

On the 16th we returned towards the south, and arrived at Verschoturïe. After having dined with the magistrate we continued our route all night, and arrived at Nijni Turinsk the next day at noon. The distances here are so great, that every Russian travels day and night, arranging a couch in his carriage on which he sleeps the greater part of the time. In this way he often travels 200 to 240 versts in the twenty-four hours.

We now departed from Ekaterinenbourg, and arrived at Tiumen on the evening of October 3, and were invited to alight at a merchant's house, who regaled us with excellent caravan tea, which one finds everywhere in Siberia and in Russia. The market at Tiumen had attracted thousands of Tartars, Kirghises, and Baschkirs, and it was a most interest-

ing and curious sight. All the various costumes and idioms of speech were totally different from any we had been accustomed to see and hear.

We arrived on the 5th at the village of Jaschakova, and entered a peasant's house, where the youth of both sexes had assembled to dance. After a few minutes, we were sent away by the master, upon his perceiving that Due had a pipe, although he had not lit it. There exist several sects in Siberia, of which some, called "Stari-veri" (ancient believers), have, amongst other singularities, that of regarding smoking as a Satanic occupation. One of the peasants exclaimed, "Come and dance in my house; there will be liberty there," and we accepted his offer. A peasant's room in Siberia is a small square space in diameter about three yards, with a divan running round it. The bed receives the whole family during the night, and even in the daytime some take refuge there, in order to leave as much free space as possible for the other members of the family! When the dance was to take place, the girls were seated on each others' knees, and about twenty men and women were spectators. The dancers formed a circle, holding each others' hands, and turning round in the confined space, singing generally on one note, but in different octaves; other voices sometimes took up the refrain. At each strophe, the circle moved to the right, or to the left. The men, who from time to time joined them, stamped energetically with their feet to animate the dance. Two men, who took upon themselves the musical part of the *fête*, played on the "balalnika," an instrument with four metal strings. Soon the true dance of the country began, which is executed by two partners only at a time, who, in a kind of *dos-à-dos*, changed their place continually. The girl made some evolutions, waving her handkerchief, and gliding lightly along the floor; the youth, in an agitated manner, moved his feet in a distorted way, sometimes stamping them vehemently, as though in paroxysms of despair.

The next day we traversed the Tobol, and on the 7th October perceived the eighteen churches of Tobolsk, whose numerous towers, with green arrows and gilt cupolas, had a picturesque effect.

We quitted Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia, on the 12th December, with a new servant, Schlau (Sly), who certainly had not been sent into exile for his merits, and in the course of our journey he gave frequent proofs that he bore a fitting designation. His first anxiety was to obtain a blue suit trimmed with silver lace (a Cossack sub-officer's uniform), and my friend Due lent him a sword. He seemed supremely happy when he had thus completed his military attire, and exacted constant marks of respect from the peasants. He was willing to make the tour of the world with us, if thereby he could only escape out of Siberia; but that was a service we could not render him. From his having lived so many years in the country he knew what to do on all occasions, and how to get us out of every difficulty. When we arrived late in the evening in a village, to pass the night, he immediately insisted upon seeing the *Desatnik*,* from whom he obtained orders for the best lodgings to be had, and also for the provisions we required to be sent in. In the inferior dwellings he lorded it over the peasants, roasting and frying his dainties as he pleased. Every morning he served us a hot breakfast—soup, ragout, or meat jellies—

* *Desatnik*, head-man of the village.

whilst our Norwegian servant, Nielsen, prepared our coffee. The price of food was very moderate in comparison with what we should have had to pay in Norway. A fowl cost fifty kopecks; a pound of butter thirty kopecks, and so on in proportion. Schlau's sudden transformation from the rôle of a Siberian peasant to the more elevated rank of a servant; the change of apparel, from the disgusting sheepskin covering to the uniform of a sub-officer; the possession of a superb wardrobe, consisting of three white shirts, in lieu of his one wretched tattered shirt; from a condition of obedience, and the liability of being constantly flogged, to one of command, brought out some of his bad qualities—vanity and love of braggadocio. In villages he made up the most wonderful stories of our importance: he converted Lieutenant Due into a general officer, and I know not with what high rank he invested me. The peasants stood, cap in hand, awestruck before him, and addressed him as "*Vashe Vysoko-Blagorodie* (Your Reverence)," or "*Prevoschoditelstvo* (Your Excellence)." I forbade him indulging in these rodomontades, but I perceived that what I said did not produce the least effect.

In setting out on a journey in Russia three horses are generally harnessed to the *troika*. If the carriage be heavy and the roads bad, two more horses are added in front. Our heavy carriages were placed on low, clumsy sledges, but the snow lying sixteen feet deep, they still sank down deeply into it. Perceiving this weight, the peasants allowed seven horses, and later on they harnessed nine. When we arrived at the first village, the *Vyborny*, or mayor, in all haste sent out a relay of eighteen horses. We were directed to halt halfway, to put on fresh ones; and he even proposed to precede us on horseback the whole thirty-five versts, so that without fail we might find all ready. We assured him that it was not at all necessary he should take that trouble, as it was our intention to pass the night at the station. When we arrived there the eighteen fresh horses were waiting for us. If it be inscribed in a traveller's passport that he is only to have three horses, a *troika* is furnished him, even should the peasants, from the difficulty of the roads, find it expedient to put on nine. During winter they find no employment for their horses. In summer they grow a sufficient quantity of corn and hay for their requirements; but, not being in a condition to sell anything, their only gain is by hiring out their horses. They are allowed to sow grain on any plot of ground they please, and to cut grass wherever they like. This enables them to rear a considerable number of cattle; indeed, in the Government of Jeniseisk, some peasants possess as many as a hundred horses. No payment is ever expected for any food or refreshments which they bestow on you in their dwellings.

Everywhere on our route, even in the smallest villages, the Government order relative to our journey was known beforehand; and, joined to the open letters of the Minister of the Interior and the Governor of Tobolsk, it procured for us an excellent reception. Sometimes the most amusing scenes would occur. One day, entering the house of a post-master, the worthy man ran in all haste to put on his uniform and to equip himself with a sword to do us honour. When thus accoutred, he stood upright and motionless against the wall, and hardly dared to breathe, as though an arrow had transfixed him there. I gazed at this singular spectacle for some minutes,

but as I could not make the poor man comprehend that the honours thus rendered us were far greater than those we cared to receive, I fear that he construed my silence wrongly—perhaps as an exhibition of pride, or as the disdain felt by a high personage for one of low degree.

On the 27th December we arrived at Kolyvan, and Schlau ran, as usual, to the mayor with our open letter, demanding a lodging. The finest house in the quarter was allotted us. Lights had already been placed on the balustrade, a servant was running to fetch others, when I remarked to Due, "The usual ceremonies on our arrival are about to commence." We found three pretty rooms, with a profusion of wax-lights on each table. The mistress of the house had taken refuge in the kitchen, so as to leave us the entire use of the rooms. Scarcely had we exhausted pleasantries on our agreeable reception, when a man of about fifty presented himself majestically before us. He had on an uniform too large in some parts and too small in others, shining boots in many a fold, and a greyish cocked-hat under his arm. Making a profound bow, he announced himself as the *Dvor-enski-Sassidatel* (Assessor of the Court of Justice). We had doffed our coats, but still had our reindeer boots on, reaching up far above our knees; and in this not very elegant attire we were obliged to give him audience. There were long pauses in the conversation, but at length our visitor had the good sense to retire.

I remarked to Due that it was really tiresome that we had not time even to pull off our boots before these people, with their exaggerated notions of politeness, intruded upon us; but scarcely were these words out of my mouth than the *Gorodnitshi* (or mayor of the town) came in, who offered his services to procure a good supper for us. We expressed our thanks, assuring him we did not require anything but repose, and that we had amongst our own stores all that was necessary. After the departure of these people we enjoyed a hearty laugh, and then ran to lock the door, but, alas! in vain. A messenger from the authorities of the town now arrived to offer us a guard of honour for ourselves and a military guard also for our equipages. Notwithstanding our refusal, we found a sentry standing before our door, armed with a long halberd, and a sentinel walking round our carriages in the courtyard. They must have passed a miserable night, for a storm was raging, with 20° of cold (Reaumur).

We found the condition of these poor people very hard when the temperature reached 27° or 30° of cold; not that they seem at all to regard it. They light a fire of birch logs, and lying on their stomachs, their heads raised up towards the fire, they chat together whilst the snow falls and is accumulating at their feet. The iron constitution of the Siberian peasants is indeed wonderful. Besides a shirt and drawers they wear a sheepskin with the wool turned inwards, and thus clad they brave cold of 30° to 35°. Their rooms are kept at a stifling temperature. They go out in the severe frosts and return into the heated atmosphere without experiencing any ill effects. The women, in winter as well as in summer, are seen going about with only a chemise and light petticoat, and with bare feet. If they remain long out, exposed to the weather, they put on jackets and shoes, but for any short distance they keep on the same costume they wear in the house, and walk barefooted through the snow.

In approaching Kolyvan we found a pretty house belonging to some peasants, and the comforts apparent in it indicated easy circumstances. Its mistress went out quickly to fetch some wood. She had the commanding form of a Juno, with the innocent face of a child, and seemed only twenty years old. She often came in to supply our wants and to ask what more was required, and her manners were so really

unsophisticated race: good-humoured, childlike courteous, with strong good sense. They do not possess a particle of the greed for gain which characterises the European Russian peasant, but, on the contrary, evince much real hospitality. Of what use would money be to these good people? They own as much land as they care to cultivate; the soil produces the food they require and furnishes them



TOBOLSK.

graceful in all she did, that I could not help regretting, the day after our departure, that we had not been able to express to her by a single word how grateful we felt for her kind attention to our comfort. Even our servants, who had occupied the room belonging to the family, did not cease extolling her kindness. Every morning, in her slight costume, she traversed a large courtyard to get the wood, and to bring us fat pullets from her larder. Nor was she the only gracious and kindhearted woman we met with on our travels. The Siberians have the reputation of being the handsomest subjects of Russia, and undoubtedly they are so. They are an

with materials for their clothes. They can neither buy nor sell, for there is no market within their reach. The refinements and corruptions of great cities are unknown to them. They are extremely cleanly in their habits; they even scrape their boards clean with large knives, also their walls, windows, and benches, which therefore look always new. They prefer this method to washing their stairs and furniture, for in the cold weather the water instantly freezes; the wood would therefore be immediately coated with ice without becoming cleaner, and such humidity would be injurious to the children of the family. Men and women seem radiant with cleanli-

ness. There is a bath-room in every house, and one delights in the clear fresh complexions around one.

We quitted Kolyvan on the 28th December. The snow lay deep, and it was with much difficulty we traversed two stages, of twenty and twenty-eight versts, to the village of Dobrova, where we remained almost imprisoned amidst huge blocks of ice. Two unfortunate accidents marked our journeys through these masses of snow. Instead of the ordinary *troika*, five horses had been harnessed to our carriage and several others were placed in front, with postilions, the road being very narrow and the snow heaped up on both sides. I noticed that a plump brown horse, of the set first harnessed, began to swerve strangely from side to side, and presently all at once he fell and rolled on the ground. The peasants immediately ran and cut off one of the poor animal's ears. Perceiving that the blood did not flow, they declared it was beyond cure, unharnessed it, and dragged it by its mane and tail about twenty paces off. There they left it, and continued their route. This day, at least, our conductors did not proceed at a wild, furious pace, and we certainly did not wish to hurry them. What had just taken place had saddened me; but it did not seem to have the same effect on them. "It is an accident," they said, "which no one could have foreseen." Such a horse is valued at ten roubles. We left five roubles at the next station as a slight compensation, although innocent of the poor animal's death; but no one seemed to wish us to deposit more.

The next morning we waited half an hour before Schlau joined us with the baggage-waggon. As the roads were good, and we had not proceeded rapidly, we could not imagine what made him so late. He informed us that one of his horses had stumbled with the postilion, a boy seven years old, and he had been taken up from amongst the horses insensible. After a few minutes he gave signs of life, and happily some peasants coming from the opposite direction, they wrapped the boy up in warm coverings (the temperature 27°), laid him on a sledge, and took him to his parents. As the Siberian horses are never shod, I was in hopes that the child had become

insensible from the animal having placed his foot upon his chest, for no laceration was visible. It was not the first time that such accidents had happened. Once before a boy fallen from his horse had escaped the hoofs of the other animals, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had resumed his seat in the saddle without uttering a word, not having sustained the least injury. It is the leader which generally makes the *faux-pas*; and the postilion must be nine times lucky not to be crushed by the nine other horses passing over his body. But the Siberian quadrupeds really show remarkable intelligence on these occasions, for they seem to try their utmost to avoid treading on the unfortunate person lying beneath them.

31st December.—We arrived at Tomsk, went directly to the mayor of the town, and were directed to a house of which the proprietor first asked us who we were, and then expressed a desire to be rid of our presence. The lodging not appearing very comfortable, we allowed the guide to conduct us to another dwelling, where, however, we could not be received, because it was just then occupied by a staff-officer. I remained an hour in the carriage, whilst Due went off to the police. At length a house was given up to us belonging to a merchant who had gone to obtain some Chinese merchandise at Kiachta, on the Chinese frontier (south of Lake Baikal). Stepanida, his wife, a courteous and affable lady, gave up a room to us, and a verandah for our servants. Our sojourn at Tomsk began with a temperature of 30° of cold. The two first days were devoted to the preparations necessary for the journey of Mr. Due to the small town of Narym, 400 versts to the north-west of Tomsk, near the River Obi, and beyond latitude 58°. On the 3rd January he departed, with Schlau and his magnetic instruments, in a sledge, which our hostess was kind enough to lend him, and I remained alone with Nielsen. In the whole town there scarcely existed an individual who understood German, and not one who had the remotest idea of Norwegian, so I, therefore, in some degree, filled the rôle of a deaf and dumb person.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

III.—WALDENSES, LOLLARDS, AND HUSSITES.

IT has been well observed that there is not an economic problem which was not discussed in the monasteries, in the schools, and the places of public resort during the middle ages. Absolute equality, the abolition of property, rewards of labour according to personal requirements rather than as the reward of special aptitudes, all the burning questions which have been at a later age agitated by modern Socialists, occupied the attention of, and gave rise to fruitful controversies among, mediæval Churchmen. On the one hand the canon law is in favour of equality of fortune, and strongly opposed to the egotistical acquisition of wealth and usury, and defending the "patrimony of the poor." On the other hand, Thomas Aquinas has some strong reasons to give in favour of private property. But the balance it

seems of mediæval opinion was in favour of equality. To what extent monastic institutions favoured Communistic ideas we have seen in the previous paper. There we also observed how the Church mitigated the overwhelming poverty of the people, promoted the accumulation of capital, contributed towards the restoration of agriculture, and revived within itself the remembrance and the use of the great franchise of popular election; how she waged warfare against domestic and prædial slavery, and as a powerful spiritual corporation opposed fearlessly the ruthless despotism of the times*. Presently we saw the sudden change of front on the part of the ecclesiastics,

* Sir James Stephen, "Lectures on History of France," vol. i. p. 33-37. and with this compare the testimony of so impartial a witness as Frederick Harrison, in his two lectures on "The Meaning of History," p. 67, 68.

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the growth of wealth and luxury of the Church, accompanied by egregious crimes and follies, rapacity and vice, in glaring contradiction with the precepts of the gospel and the views of poverty professed by the mendicant orders. This produced, as we saw, the simultaneous rising of different sects protesting against the wealth and corruption of the clergy. There were Social revolutions, as that of Fra Dolcino, described in the last paper. There were political agitators, like Arnold of Brescia, men of stern republican virtue and sentiments, in whom, Dean Milman says, the monk and the republican had met, who was at the same time an admirer of the old Roman liberty and of the lowly religion of Christ, and who may be called, therefore, the leader of the Social Democracy of the dark ages. There were, too, the several spiritual societies who desired to imitate the simplicity of social life prevalent among the apostles, and one of them was that body of primitive inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys,* from which probably they received their name the *Waldenses*.

This "race of uncorrupted shepherds" discarded all distinctions of rank and station; they wished to confiscate all endowments and privileges of the clergy, professed themselves "rigid evangelical poverty, and avoided the pursuits by which wealth might be gained." They resembled the Fratricelli in their levelling doctrines, and Peter Waldo, who by others is supposed to have given the sect its name, having divided his own fortune among the brethren whom he gathered round him, became the leader of the "poor men of Lyons," who in this respect corresponded to the "poor men of Lombardy," the followers of St. Francis. Thus extremes meet. Both Minorites and Waldensians agreed in one point at least—they were alike averse to the corrupting influences of wealth in Church and State, and took upon themselves vows of poverty. The Waldenses thought, we are told, that a new Messiah was to appear to realise evangelical equality in a society without priests, without nobles, without rich people. Walter Mapes, an Englishman and a Franciscan monk, gives the following description of them from his own personal observation: "They have no settled place of abode. They go about barefoot, two by two, in woollen garments, possessing nothing, but, like the apostles, *having all things in common*, following naked Him who had not where to lay His head." No one ever has attempted to call in question the honesty or purity of their character. On the contrary, they are spoken of with respect even by their enemies, and described as quiet, modest, and formal in their manners. They avoided commerce as injurious to truthfulness of conduct, and were mainly engaged in manual labour. Their Socialism, which, however, was from the first voluntary, and not of a permanent nature, was not of a revolutionary tendency, and in their daily life and conduct they were distinguished by a sincerity, a piety, and a self-devotion that almost purified the age in which they lived†.

Although admittedly less obnoxious, on account of their peculiar tenets, to the Church of Rome than other sectaries, they shared their common fate—persecution by fire and the sword, even down to the seventeenth century, when the horrid cruelties and massacre

to which they were exposed called forth the noble remonstrance of Cromwell, and inspired Milton's grand ode,

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Some of them found refuge in Bohemia, where we shall find them presently allied to a kindred sect, the Hussites, who, with the Lollards in England, kept up the continuity of social pioneering, as well as gospel truth, during the pre-reformation period.

We turn now to the Lollards,* whose connection with the popular movement of the masses in this country during the fourteenth century is peculiarly interesting.

The way had been paved in England for social changes, and social grievances demanded social reforms. With the increased sense of the dignity of labour fostered by the Church, and a gradual recognition of personal rights and civic liberty in the rising towns, insubordination against the ruling classes, clerical and lay, who abused their power, became the order of the day among the masses, not only in this country, but throughout Europe.

"Pity us, lady, we cannot live, because of this abbot. His servants plunder us, and slander us injuriously. See! they are making you go out of the way, lest our trouble should be manifest to you." Such was the complaint of the villeins of St. Albans, who flocked round Queen Eleanor for protection against their ecclesiastical oppressors.† The same abbey became afterwards the scene of conflicts between monks and serfs, between popular aspirations and priestly chicanery, immediately after the rising of Wat Tyler.‡ This is an example of revolt against ecclesiastical oppression. "The statutes of labourers," bearing the stamp and impress of selfish class legislation in favour of the rich, explain, on the other hand, the "common cry of curs" against the landed proprietors; and the picture of English society in the fourteenth century in Langland's "Vision of Piers Ploughman," where he contrasts so vividly the frivolous and unreal splendours of the rich with the simple virtues of the poor, indicates the seething discontent of the masses, among whom the poem enjoyed a wide circulation. "It was," as Mr. Green justly observes, "the tyranny of property that then, as ever, roused the defiance of Socialism. A spirit fatal to the whole system of the middle ages breathed in the popular rhyme which condensed the levelling doctrine of John Ball,

"When Adam dived and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"§

Hence "the strong Communistic tendency" of the Lollards, who resembled in this respect their brethren on the Continent, against whom a papal bull had been directed, charging them, among other things, for their *life in common*. At first, indeed, they only attacked the wealth and luxury of the Church; but in the course of events many of them were

* The name Lollards is derived by some from a German leader of the sect in Cologne, named Walther Lollard, who had about 24,000 followers: but others derive it from *tollen* or *tollen* = making a doleful sound in singing psalms or hymns in an undertone. The term to loll about appears to be derived, in a secondary sense, from Lollards, when this name had become a term of opprobrium.
† C. E. Maurice, "Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages," vol. ii. p. 74.
‡ *Ibid.* 187.
§ "Short History of English People," p. 243.

* From *vauz* = valley, they were called Vandois. But authorities are divided on this point, and ascribe to Waldo, the merchant of Lyons, the honour of having founded the sect.

† Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 384.

inclined—especially the most sanguine among them—to side with the people, and to take up the cause of the “industrious down rodden rustic poverty,” and hence the rising of Wat Tyler and John Ball has been called the Socialist Revolt of the Lollards. Wyclif himself has not escaped from the charge of preaching Communism. In the great struggle between the rich burghers of the town, who despised the smaller tradesmen, and the revolt of the craftsmen which ensued against the wealthy employers of labour, the conflict between the “greater folk” and the “lesser folk,” we have an early picture of class difference similar to the conflicts between the “Confederation of Employers” on the one hand, and the “Trades Unions” on the other, in our own day. The Frith-guilds of merchants and the craft-guilds of tradesmen in an earlier period offered a noble resistance to episcopal and baronial tyranny, and so became “the nursery cradles of popular liberty.” But now, when their own independence had been secured, the descendants of the old associates of guilds became themselves proud and overbearing towards their inferiors, and these *nouveaux riches* became as ambitious and tyrannical as the feudal magnates from whose intolerable yoke they had but lately been delivered. “In the fourteenth century,” says Brentano, “commenced the transformation of the trades into entails of a limited number of families—though this number may have been large; and the narrow-minded spirit of capital, petty rivalries, and hateful egotism began to take the place of the great idea of association and solidarity under which the craft-guilds grew up and flourished.” Against this artificial combination of the chief citizens of towns, which sought to exclude their poorer brethren from an equal share in the common privileges, and jealously preserved the boundary line which separated the plebeian workmen from the patrician tradesmen, Wyclif pronouncedly vindicated the principle of Christian fraternity, the common right of all men. As Lord Bacon described the guilds as “fraternities of evil” in his day, so Wyclif at this early period says: “All fraternities and guilds made of men seem openly to run in this course. For they conspire many errors against common charity and *common property* of Christian men. And hereto they conspire to bear up each other in the wrong and oppress other men by their wit and power.”* It is quite impossible to say how far Wyclif and the Lollards sympathised with the popular movement of the time, and to what extent they were carried along with the common stream of discontent against the abuses of wealth and property in town and country. But although it has been asserted by an unsympathetic historian that “their notion of property and Church power was wretched and dangerous,”† there is a total absence of evidence to show that any of their tenets were in favour of compulsory Communism or encouraged a subversion of society.

John Ball, indeed, the “mad priest of Kent,” as Froissart calls him, professed to be a disciple of Wyclif, and in his harangues to the people gives vent to unmitigated Socialistic opinions, which re-

semble in a remarkable degree the later utterances of Morelly. Thus he asserts the “original equality of mankind, and that as long as they were governed by the laws of nature, they kept upon even ground, and maintained this blessed purity. That all those distinctions of dignity and degree are inventions of oppression, tricks to keep people out of their ease and liberty; and, in effect, nothing else but a conspiracy of the rich against the poor.”* But in this and in his wilder and violent plans of social reconstruction, Ball had probably no more the sympathy of Wyclif and the Lollards among the learned in Oxford, or in the country at large, than the violent spirits of the Social Democracy at the present moment have the moral support of the higher clergy and others in Prussia, who of late have founded a society of State-Socialists, which has for its objects the improvement of the labouring classes by constitutional means and the avoidance of Socialistic revolution by social reform. Such sympathisers among religious and earnest men with the struggles of the poor there always have been, and will be as long as there remain social grievances demanding redress, but which the selfishness of successful worldlings ignores or condemns. Sympathisers with the popular cause of this kind are always liable to be denounced as Socialists by those who are incapable of understanding their aims and the moderation of their demands, and the means they recommend for their attainment.

They are exposed equally to the unfavourable criticism of those fiery spirits for whom they go not far enough in shrinking from violent changes which would imply a total demolition and reconstruction of the social edifice. Whilst, therefore, acknowledging that some of the more fanatical Lollards, especially at a later period, held “Democratic and Communist opinions,” and embraced the levelling doctrines of the peasant insurgents, and that all sympathised in a measure with a burdened and justly discontented populace, we are far from being convinced that they were, as a body, theoretical Communists, or sought to establish Communism as a Utopian experiment.

John Ball’s agrarian revolt, which in many respects resembles the setting up of the French Commune in Paris, came to a speedy end, not, however, without effecting an improvement in the condition of the labourers,† and the statute *de heretico comburendo*, and similar measures of forcible repression, led almost to the extinction of the Lollard movement. In 1511 a correspondent of Erasmus informs him that wood was dear in England; and no wonder, when the heretics—i.e., the Lollards—afforded a

* *Ibid.* p. 149. “Good people,” he says in one of his sermons, “things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villains and gentlemen. By what are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what ground have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in servage? If we all come from the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oatkake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses, we have pain and labour, the rain and the winds and the fields, and yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state.”—“Green’s Short History,” p. 343, and see other extracts of “Ball’s Letters” in Maurice, *loc. cit.* p. 157, *seq.*

† “The rebellion was put down, but the demands of the villains were silently and effectually accorded; as they were masters for a week of the position, the dread of another servile war promoted the liberty of the serf; and the close of the fourteenth century sees the small freeholder, and probably the tenant in villeinage. . . . Important personages in the social order.”—J. E. Thorold Rogers, “History of Agriculture and Prices in England,” vol. 1. p. 8. From this it would appear that Utopian experiments, however futile in themselves, still have remoter indirect effects on the welfare of the people which ought not to be overlooked.

* Arnold’s edition of Wyclif’s English works, vol. iii. p. 335, *apud* Maurice, *loc. cit.* p. 211, where see instances of insurrections against city oligarchies in Bristol, p. 113, London, p. 89, and other municipal struggles of the kind, *passim*. Dr. Wylie in his “History of Protestantism” makes Wyclif say with regard to ecclesiastical property, “Let the Church surrender all her possessions—her broad acres, her palatial buildings, her tithes, her multiform dues, and return to the simplicity of her early days.” Vol. 1. p. 101.

* Collier, “Eccles. History of Great Britain,” vol. iii. p. 299.

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daily holocaust. The remainder of the Lollards at the time of the Reformation stimulated no doubt this great movement, and shared the fate of its early martyrs. They may be regarded not only as the forerunners of religious reformers, but also in the light of social pioneers engaged in a difficult and dangerous feat during a dark age of persecution, and therefore all the more deserving the recognition and gratitude of a late age.

What Lollardism and the revolt of the peasantry did for England, the Hussites and the peasant wars under Ziska did for Bohemia. There an attempt was made to establish a social Republic, founded on the high principles of Christian perfectibility; the Church was to be reformed, and all feudal tenures and exclusive privileges were to be abolished. "Good Queen Anne," the wife of Richard II of England, was sister to Wenzel, king of Bohemia, and hence at this period the close connection between the two countries. The queen favoured the doctrines of Wyclif, and Jerome of Prague taught in the Bohemian University the doctrines propounded by the cultured Lollards in Oxford. Even the pantomime of leading the insurgents, performed in London by Richard II, was faithfully copied by the Bohemian king in his feigned patronage of the popular rising. The Socialist revolt in both countries was brought to a close amidst fire and blood, after fearful excesses had been perpetrated on both sides, and the aspirations of the people were suppressed for a time by force and cajolery, to be revived with redoubled force when a second Socialistic wave passed over Europe in the storm-tossed days of Luther's Reformation. But there was this difference, that in England the movement produced a race of martyrs, in Bohemia it converted a nation into heroes.

The burning of John Huss at the Council of Constance had provoked throughout Bohemia a storm of indignation against the persecutors. The king, the nobles, and the people denounced the treachery of Sigismund and the barbarous injustice of the Council. Ziska showed the feeling of the people, but in his case personal hatred of the priests and national antipathy added force to his determination to break the unbearable yoke of sacerdotal tyranny and foreign thralldom. He is described as traversing with pensive brow and folded arms the long corridors of the palace, the windows of which look down on the broad stream of the Moldau, on the towers of Prague, and the plains beyond, which stretch out towards that quarter of the horizon where the pile of Huss had been kindled. King Wenzeslaus, surprised by his moody appearance, inquires, "What is this?" His chamberlain replies, "I cannot brook the insult offered to Bohemia at Constance by the murder of Huss."* There and then Ziska extorts from the king a permission, granted with incredulous reluctance, to take measures of revenge; and, armed with this royal patent, when the proper moment had come Ziska and the burghers of Prague rose in insurrection immediately upon the publication of a papal bull, authorising a crusade against the Hussites. This was the beginning of the Hussite wars, which lasted for sixteen years—"years of terrible and fatal glory in the history of Bohemia, of achievements marvellous as to valour, military skill, patriotism, and the passion for civil and religious freedom."† With these wars, "the

thundering roll of Ziska's chariots, the shrieks of cities stormed, the wails of armies mowed down by the scythe," we are not here concerned. We are rather attracted by a simple and affecting scene on Mount Tabor in Bohemia, where 42,000 persons of the Hussite community partake of the Holy Communion, which is followed by a love-feast, at which the rich share with their poorer brethren, out of which celebration grew a town receiving the name of Tabor, and a society of Christian Communists called the Taborites, who spread their political creed and social ideas among the citizens of the towns and the peasantry throughout the kingdom. Thus a new Christian republic on the principle of a community of goods was established, the second advent was expected, and along with it a final restitution of all things; multitudes hastened to lay their property at the feet of the clergy, as in the days of the Apostles; and a state of society free from pain and bodily necessities, and requiring no sacraments for their sanctification, was looked forward to as on the eve of appearing.

This was the creed of the more radical and democratic party. They called each other brothers and sisters; they divided equally among themselves their substance, after the pattern of the early Christians; their manner of life was grave, and similar to that of the more rigid Puritans, with whom, indeed, they have a great deal in common. As a result of this Utopian experiment, we are informed that there were no contentions, no peculations, no boisterous festivities, but calm spiritual delectation, where all united in one heart and will, like the Apostles, seek nothing else but what will conduce to the salvation of souls, and the return of the clerical order to the original state of the Primitive Church.*

The less advanced party only required renunciation of goods on the part of the clergy, and insisted mainly on the administration of the Holy Communion in both elements, and hence were called the Calixtenes (calix = cup). They flourished mainly in Prague, where we find them in communion with a small remnant of Waldensians. Virulent opposition and severe persecutions on the part of their enemies, the Imperialists, led to fierce reprisals on the part of the Hussites, who speedily degenerated into a herd of "ferocious and desperate fanatics," destroying in their blind fury stately palaces and sky-aspiring cathedrals, ravaging cities, and devastating the country, plundering churches and monasteries, and doing the work of cruel incendiaries. Manufactures and commerce came to an end. The manners and habits of the people became coarse and violent; the Taborite forces, recruited with foreign adventurers, lost their religious character. Still going forth with the chalice on their banner as "God's warriors," they were scarcely to be distinguished from their enemies engaged in warfare mainly for the purposes of spoil and rapine. The movement itself was quelled in blood, and the eleven splendid victories of Ziska were followed by defeats, until at last a compromise was arrived at between the contending parties, which terminated a destructive civil war without effecting any permanent changes in the social condition of the people. To judge of the effect of this Utopian experiment, we must revisit the "Mount of Transfiguration," as they termed their own Tabor, about thirty years after the

* Wylie, "History of Protestantism," vol. I. p. 183.

† Milman, "Latin Christianity," vol. viii. p. 357.

* Gieseler, "Eccles. History," vol. v. pp. 123-130, note No. 17.

scene had been enacted there which has been described in a previous page.

Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini was sent as envoy to confer with the Bohemians on matters of dispute between them and the Emperor of Germany, his master. He visited Tabor, and found the people rude, though not unwilling to be civilised. Their hospitality was rough, though hearty; their outward appearance showed signs of poverty; scanty clothing, and houses built of wood and clay, and arranged like tents, out of which the town had grown, betokened a retarded civilisation. The warlike character of the people was still manifested by the profusion of spoil among them, accumulated in marauding expeditions. But in proportion as these had diminished, the Taborites had found it necessary to return to commerce, and to abandon the principle of community of goods.

Such was the unsatisfactory result of an ill-organised society on the model of Communistic Utopias founded in one of the most turbulent ages of modern history, and affected in its growth and decay by the unsettled condition of the times, and exposed, moreover, to the constant opposition of the supreme powers in Church and State.

Ignorance of economic laws, and consequent inability of the leaders to organise the new society on a satisfactory basis, prevented the establishment of industrial institutions promoting productivity, and so providing the means of livelihood in times of peace. Social competency, not to say social progress, under such circumstances, were out of the question. When the available wealth among the Taborites had been divided equally among all and consumed; when the spoils of war had ceased to replenish the stores of the community, want and necessity made their appearance, and with them the consciousness that a return to the old order had become necessary to preserve the people from starvation.

We have now run through a whole cycle of religious communities, appearing one after another on the stage of history during several centuries, all endeavouring to re-establish the simple life of the Primitive Christians, and all, in turn, failing in their Utopian experiments, although sustained by the strongest faith and the most marvellous enthusiasm.

If we follow this stream of tendency from the seventh to the fourteenth century—from the exodus of the Paulicians out of Pontus and Cappadocia, driven by persecution westwards, settling in Bulgaria, Croatia, and Dalmatia, presently to reappear in Italy, France, Germany, England, and Hungary, under the various names of Cathari, Apostolicals, Fratricelli, Beguins, Waldenses, Albigenses, Lollards, and Hussites, thus retracing their steps in an eastward direction—we see in this circular movement, geographically, the recurrence of the same cycle of ideas exhibited in similar effects of social pioneerings meeting with the same rebuffs on the part of the outer world, and ending alike in universal failure on account of faulty internal organisation. There is the same undying aim to re-establish social life on the pattern of Apostolical simplicity; there is the same blending of secular and sacred duties of humanity; there is the same protest against the luxury in the Church, and the same impatient revolt against social inequality in the world, and with them a willingness to suffer martyrdom in the cause, and to undergo self-inflicted privations for the purposes of self-discipline;

there is the same desire to be "good with a goodness serviceable to the common cause," a desire which cannot be quenched by persecution of the most cruel kind, nor damped by the experience of the severest disappointments. Nay, what is still more remarkable, notwithstanding the lessons taught by the disastrous consequences of the Utopian experiments, the feeble remnant saved in the general destruction are banded together once more in the same cause, and so we see the *Unitas fratrum*, the Moravian Brethren (to be considered in a future paper) extricating themselves from the wreck and ruin of the Hussite party, and joined by a few surviving Waldenses, "drawing together in an evil time . . . refashioned and reconstituted . . . in humblest guise . . . trampled and trodden down, but overcoming now, not by weapons of carnal warfare, but by the blood of the Cross . . . to hail the breaking of a fairer dawn, and to be themselves greeted as witnesses of God, who, in a dark and gloomy day . . . had kept His word, and not denied His name."*

The continuity of such an irresistible movement deserves respectful attention, its failures convey a wholesome lesson to rash levellers, but its undying revival after repeated discomfiture ought to arrest the attention of the superficial antagonist of all Utopian experiments, whilst the indirect influences of such movements in social progress form an important factor in social development, deserving the most profound study of the impartial historian of society.

FIRST USE OF GAS IN PUBLIC LIGHTING.

ON the eve of the introduction of the electric light, it is curious to recall the sensation caused when gas first superseded the old oil lamps in our houses and streets. The following notice appeared in a book published in 1805:—

NEW AND ECONOMICAL PROCESS FOR PRODUCING LIGHT OR ILLUMINATION FROM SMOKE ALONE.

The numerous discoveries resulting from the spirit of philosophic research, so generally diffused within these few years, throughout the most civilised nations of Europe, have undeniably contributed to promote, in a high degree, the comfort and conveniences of society. None, however, promises to be more beneficial, or of more general utility, than a discovery first exhibited at Paris, in 1802, and lately introduced into this country by an ingenious artist who obtained a knowledge of the secret, and who has for several months exhibited it to the curiosity of the public at the Lyceum in the Strand.

The object of this discovery, which will doubtless form an important epoch in the annals of domestic economy, is to produce light without the aid of wax, oil, tallow, or any combustible now employed for that purpose. The expense of illumination, both to the community in general and to individuals in particular, is most sensibly felt at the present moment, when the materials employed for that purpose have attained to an unprecedented price. The public must therefore feel more deeply interested in a discovery which

* Trench, Archbishop, "Mediæval Church History," p. 326-27.

tends to reduce that expense comparatively to a mere trifle, and to supply them with a light infinitely superior to that to which they have hitherto been accustomed.

To explain the principle of this important invention, we shall give directions for making an experiment on such a scale, that every one may repeat it, and thus satisfy himself respecting its practicability. Take a vessel of any kind capable of resisting fire, into which put some common coal; the vessel must then be closely covered, or in the language of chemistry, hermetically sealed, leaving in the cover a small aperture, just sufficient to receive a tube of any dimensions, say a tobacco-pipe. The vessel must then be placed on a clear fire; as soon as the heat reaches the coal, it begins to melt and run together like tar. At the same time a vapour rises from the coal and passes through the tube, to the end of which a candle or other light must then be applied. The vapour, which is of an inflammable nature, immediately takes fire, and continues to burn with an extremely bright flame, as long as any vapour, or gas, arises from the coal. The flame produced from the tube of a common tobacco-pipe is equal in volume to that of a large candle, but the light is much clearer and more intense. Having now described the process on a small scale, it may easily be imagined what an effect may be produced by an iron pot, from which tubes of any number and any length may convey the inflammable vapour to every part of a building of any magnitude or extent.

The extraordinary advantages of this method of producing light must be obvious to the most superficial observer. In public buildings, manufactories, lighthouses, etc., its benefits, when it becomes generally known, will be incalculable. It should be observed that by means of tubes, either of tin, iron, or any other material, the vapour, or gas, may be conveyed to any part of a building where light is required. The expense with which this method of illumination is attended, is comparatively insignificant, particularly as the coal employed in the process, when exhausted of its vapour, is found caked together, and forms a solid mass of coke, which may afterwards be applied to any of the purposes for which that material is used.

After this explanation, it would be needless to expatiate on all the applications which may be made of this useful discovery. There can be no doubt but that the ingenuity of some of our countrymen will soon put the public into the enjoyment of the manifold benefits that may be derived from it.

We cannot conclude this article without remarking that this new process of producing light tends to explain phenomena sometimes observed in coal mines. It is generally known that the workmen in these mines are frequently endangered by explosions and sudden inflammations of the air in certain parts of the pit, caused by the flame of a lighted candle. This is doubtless occasioned by the inflammable vapour exhaled by the coals, which is confined in those parts and cannot escape for want of air. It must certainly be attributed to the same cause, that coal pits have been known to be on fire for several years together. In this case we may presume that the gas, while it burns, continues by the heat to produce a fresh supply of the inflammable vapour, till the whole of the surface of coal in the pit is exhausted, and reduced to the state of coke, in the same manner as in the experiment above described.

Varieties.

BOARD-SCHOOL RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—The West Bromwich Board resolved to adopt the plan of religious instruction adopted by the London School Board, one of the members remarking that the Birmingham scheme was less efficient, for out of 20,000 Board children only 6,670 had been supplied with religious teaching under the voluntary agency plan. The percentage in London withdrawn from religious teaching is very trifling.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE NATION ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.—“Osborne, December 26, 1878. The Queen is anxious to take the earliest opportunity of expressing publicly her heartfelt thanks for the universal and most touching sympathy shown to her by all classes of her loyal and faithful subjects on the present occasion, when it has pleased God to call away from this world her dearly beloved daughter, the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. Overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a dear child, who was a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty, it is most soothing to the Queen's feelings to see how entirely her grief is shared by her people. The Queen's deeply afflicted son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, is also anxious to make known his sincere gratitude for the kind feelings expressed towards himself and his dear children in their terrible bereavement, and his gratification at the appreciation shown by the people of England of the noble and endearing qualities of her whom all now mourn. Seventeen years ago, at this very time, when a similar bereavement crushed the Queen's happiness, and this beloved and lamented daughter was her great comfort and support, the nation evinced the same touching sympathy, as well as when, in December, 1871, the Prince of Wales was at the point of death. Such an exhibition of true and tender feeling will ever remain engraven on the Queen's heart, and is the more to be valued at this moment of great distress in the country, which no one more deeply deprecates than the Queen herself.”

THE “LEISURE HOUR” IN AFGHANISTAN.—A correspondent at Woolwich sent to us a letter from a son with the Cabul army, dated Camp, Basawal, 5th December. The writer says:—“The 22nd and 23rd November I shall never forget—not for fighting, but for exposure and want of water to drink. Our brigade had some fearfully heavy work, clearing the mountains of the pass before they advanced up the Kyber, and then were too late to cut off the retreat of the main body from Ali Musjid. It is extremely cold. We have three blankets each, but nothing but the ground to put them on. Luckily, I brought the November parts of the ‘Leisure Hour’ and ‘Sunday at Home’ with me, and right glad I was of it. I verily believe that for some days at Dakka and Basawal they were the only papers in camp, and the demand for them was immense, and many an otherwise weary hour was pleasantly passed by some one reading aloud to crowds of eager listeners.” The father, in forwarding the letter, says: “Wherever the brigade of my son has been, I have always posted the ‘Leisure Hour’ and ‘Sunday at Home’ to him. He had risen to be a sergeant, and then told me they were always laid on the mess-table.” We hope this hint will not be lost as to posting the “Leisure Hour” and “Sunday at Home” to relatives or friends abroad. The foreign postages are given on the cover of the monthly parts.

ORANGES.—A writer in a contemporary says the sweet orange was not introduced into England till after the bitter variety, and the few allusions of the poets of the period last mentioned are to this, and not to the sweet fruit. Shakespeare, in “Much Ado About Nothing,” says:—“The Count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and somewhat of that jealous complexion;” and Nash, a contemporaneous dramatist, uses the expression, “civil as an orange.” In these passages, a pun, a very weak one, is obviously intended on the word “Seville,” whence then, as now, the bitter oranges came. Sir Walter Raleigh, “the father of tobacco,” is credited with having brought oranges to England, and it is said that Sir Francis Carew, who married his niece, planted their seeds, and produced orange-trees at Beddington, in Surrey, of which Bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden's “Britannia,” speaks as having been there for a hundred years previous to 1695. As these trees, however, always produced fruit, they could not, as Professor Martyn has observed, have

been raised from seeds; but they may have been brought from Portugal or Italy as early as the close of the sixteenth century. The Beddington trees were planted in the open ground, but carefully protected during the winter months. At the beginning of the eighteenth century they had attained a height of eighteen feet, and the stems were about nine inches in diameter. In 1738 they were surrounded by a permanent enclosure like a greenhouse, but they all perished during the "great frost" in the following winter. At Hampton Court there are still many orange-trees believed to be 300 years old. A tree at Versailles boasts to be 400 years old, having once belonged to the Constable de Bourbon, in the reign of Francis I, who was contemporary with our Henry VIII. In various parts of Europe trees are still in existence in large numbers which are certainly from 150 to 200 years old, and each year they produce more fruit and of better quality. In some parts of Spain a single tree frequently bears 3,000 to 4,000 oranges, and instances have been known of as many as 20,000 having been produced. The most interesting feature in the natural history of the orange-tree is that it bears at one time the blossom, the immature fruit, and the ripe oranges.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—A Missouri lady, after three years' residence in Wyoming territory, where female suffrage is legal, bears strong testimony in its favour, although at first prejudiced against the usage. She says:—"The women of Wyoming, and particularly the better class, as highly prize and as generally exercise the right of suffrage as do the men. Woman, from her very dependence and comparative weakness and helplessness, feels more strongly than man does her need of the protection of good laws faithfully executed, and in her own interest and that of those she loves, she naturally puts her vote where it will do most good for the accomplishment of this end. The elections here are conducted as quietly and decorously as any other public gathering, and I have finally concluded that if the sexes can associate together with impunity in the home, the school, the church, the social gathering, and in every relation of life, from the cradle to the grave, woman need not be seriously demoralised by her momentary association with her husband, father, lover, and brother once a year at the polls. It is true, women very generally vote as do their husbands. I know several instances, however, where the wife votes one way and the husband the other, but I have never known or heard of its generating any unpleasantness in their family relations. The pioneers of the West, whatever their faults, are not so intolerant as to abuse their wives because of a difference in opinion in politics or even in religion. The fact that husbands and wives usually vote alike seems to me no objection; it is only placing an additional power and influence in the government of the country where it is most needed, and will naturally be most wisely used. The more the home influence is felt in the general government the better."

HORSESHOES.—In Germany the smith, when finishing the shoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud of an inch in length; and with shoes thus fitted the horse can travel securely over the worst possible road, and I have never known one slip either when riding or driving; and draught horses are shod in the same way. When the horse comes to stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no damage can happen to the horse and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out the groom simply takes out the button and screws in the pointed stud, and there is no fear of the horse coming back with broken knees or strained sinews, and the public are spared the painful sight of horses down or slipping in all directions.

LENTILS.—A president of the Vegetarian Society recommends lentils as a chief article of diet. "Lentils, *Ervum Lens*, order *Leguminosae*, contain, according to Payen:—Nitrogenous matter, 25.2; starch, etc., 56; cellulose, 2.4; fatty matter, 2.6; mineral matter, 2.3; water, 11.5—100. Thus it is at once perceived that the nutrition is of the best description possible. Everything that a human being requires as food is there. The cheapest and best soup, pleasant, nutritious, and wholesome, needs only two articles—water and lentils well cooked. The Egyptian lentils are preferable to Italian ones and others. They have only to be washed, soaked, and boiled furiously three or four hours to make the best soup possible. Put before an epicure without remark or information, it would be eaten as a fine gravy soup. No condiments are required to flavour it. The natural flavour is agreeable to all palates. No vegetables are required to thicken it; but there is no reason why onions, carrots, or celery should not be added if easily accessible.

Indeed, the last-named—celery—is a very useful addition, not only for its nutrition, but for the alkalies it gives to purify the blood and ease the sufferings of rheumatic victims. The cost of lentils is about a penny a pound."

WORKMEN AND THEIR WAGES.—According to the estimate of Professor Leone Levi, the eminent statistician, the absolute annual income of the working classes in Great Britain and Ireland is at least £453,000,000. This is taking the total average earnings at £1 1s. 9d. per week for men, and 13s. 8d. for women, or about £1 13s. per family. Taking into account the cheapness of food, clothing, and other necessities of life, there should be a good margin for saving, yet out of this vast sum the average amount deposited in savings-banks or with friendly societies is not above £3,000,000 per annum. The increased consumption of imported and exciseable articles during years of prosperity and good wages accounts for the disappearance of the wages surplus, and for most of the suffering and misery that prevails.

CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.—As a curious document, worthy to be preserved, in connection with this miserable affair, we give the following thirty-ninth annual report by the directors, presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting held July 3, 1878:—The directors submit for the approval of the shareholders the thirty-ninth annual report, made up to 5th June last. The result of last year's business is as follows, viz.:—The balance brought forward at the credit of profit and loss account from the previous year amounted to £18,501 12s. 6d., from which has to be deducted income-tax on dividend paid to shareholders, in accordance with the resolution of last annual meeting, £1,500, leaving the sum brought forward £17,001 12s. 6d. The balance at the credit of profit and loss account for the year ending 5th June last, amounts to £125,094 0s. 4d., making a total of £142,095 12s. 10d., from which the directors recommend—1st. That a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, be declared, payable 1st August and 4th February next, amounting to £120,000. 2nd. That the whole of the recent defalcation at Bank of Mona be written off, amounting to £8,873. 3rd. That the balance be carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account for next year, £13,252 12s. 10d.—£142,195 12s. 10d., leaving the reserve fund, as at present, £450,000. With regard to the defalcation at the Bank of Mona, Douglas, Isle of Man, referred to above, your directors have every hope that a considerable portion of the sum now proposed to be written off will be recovered. They, however, recommend that, in the meantime, the whole amount should be provided for. The directors are informed by the bank architects that the premises in Glassford Street will probably be roofed in by the end of this year.

ABSTRACT BALANCE-SHEET as at June 5, 1878.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
Deposits at head office and branches, and balances at the credit of banking correspondents		8,102,001	0	4
Bank notes in circulation in Scotland and the Isle of Man		710,252	0	0
Drafts outstanding, due, or with a currency not exceeding twenty-one days, and drafts accepted by the bank and its London agents on account of home and foreign constituents		1,488,244	18	6
Liabilities to the public		10,300,497	18	10
Capital account, £1,000,000; reserve fund, £450,000; profit and loss, £142,095 12s. 10d.; liabilities to partners		1,592,095	12	10
		11,892,593	11	8
ASSETS.				
Bills of exchange, local and country bills, credit accounts, and other advances upon security		8,484,466	9	2
Advances on heritable property, and value of bank buildings and furniture at head offices and branches		265,324	9	0
Cash on hand, viz.:—Gold and silver coin and notes of other banks at head offices and branches, £845,963 1s.; Government stocks, exchequer bills, railway and other stocks and debentures, and balances in hands of banking correspondents, £2,296,839 12s. 6d.		3,142,802	13	6
		11,892,593	11	8
The bank stopped payment October 2, 1878.				